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THE LOYALIST

Setting Forth the

VVHIGG

In his Own

COLOURS.

A New SONG, To the Tune of *Sawny* and *Jockey*.

I.

COme, fill it up, and give me a Brimmer Boy;
Jammey's come home again, with him his Dearest Joy:
Let's Quaffe it round in ſpight of the *Whiggiſh* Crew,
Jack Catch I hope at laſt will give the Deele his due.
Let us true Loyal
Subjects Joy all,
In the Blood Royal without denyal.
True Hearted
Are Thwarted,
——— And oftentimes
Parted:
But never will ſtart from their Principles Loyal.

II.

May *Whiggiſh* Deſignes, be always diſcover'd,
The Ills of theſe Times will then be recover'd:
Too lately they did Three Kingdoms Confound,
And made them Drink Healths of their Blood on the Ground.
For whilſt the Nation,
Is wrought into Paſſion,
By Falſe Perſwaſion, Diſſimulation:
True Subjects will
Suffer ill,
And bear the Burden
Still,
Till Loyalty is once more out of Faſhion.

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III.

Let Old *Trinomen* have his due in the end,
May *G*—— and *M*—— think him no more their Friend;
Let them no longer give Ear to his Pollicie,
For all his Cunning he may gain the Gallow-Tree:
But let them flye him,
No more come nigh him,
With Penitent Sighing, always defye him.
Let *Coo*——*r*
Have fair Play,
Care, *Curtiss*,
Jinceway;
Jack Gatch can teach them the true way of dying.

IV.

Why should false Zeal expose us to Evil,
Where Out-sides's all Saint, and Insides's all Devil;
For thus it has prov'd ere since Reformation,
When *Presbyter* Swayes, Kings are out of Fashion:
Too late it was their Cry,
Let him die, *Popery*
Will through the Kingdom flee, stand for the Cause Boy:
We the Land
By our Hands,
Will Command
Who Withstands,
Shall for a Traytor unto the State die.

V.

Thus when the Zealots the Power had got,
True Subjects Estates, nay Lives went to Pot:
Then all were Rebells that Fought for their King,
And Damn'd Sequestration was then the next thing:
Choose, cryes the City,
A Zealous Committee,
To Cavaleers grant no manner of Pity:
The *Old Cause*,
Destroyes Laws,
Hangs, Drawes
For Old Sawes:
And this was Poor *Englands* late *Presbyter* Ditty.

VI.

Then let us beware of a second relapse,
Long Live the King and *York*, cast up your Capps:
Let us endeavour to preserve the Nation
From Subtil Devices, *Bills*, *Associations*,
Then let 'em Plot on,
Lot on, Pot on;
In their Cabals Boyes, still let 'em Sot;
Let's Watch 'em,
And Catch 'em,
Dispatch 'em,
Rope Stretch 'em;
Vive le Roy, Then let the Pox Rot 'em.

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